5 September 1967

Dear Harold,

Thank you very much for your letter of the 2nd, the information in it about the radio shows, the enclosed copies of your letters, and the Robert MacNeil letter to Shirley. That is certainly most interesting. That he took the trouble to write this detailed account, not only to Shirley but to you as well, suggests concern about the objective facts on MacNeil's part, and that he may be sympathetic, or at least neutral, toward the critics of the WR. On balance, I remain inclined to think that it was Pierce Allman who encountered Oswald, and not MacNeil, for the reasons MacNeil himself gave--that he did not display credentials but was wearing a large press badge (while Allman, being a local TV newsman, did pull out ID which might have been taken at a glance for Secret Service ID); and that he did not have a crew cut. It is an interesting commentary on Manchester the "researcher" and "historian" that he paid no attention to these disqualifying facts and published for future generations (which fortunately will have been forewarned about his total default as a fact-finder or a decent human being by the growing litterature of disgust with this dirty creature) the facile and false information that it was MacNeil who met Oswald, not even as a theory but as a fact. What a scum he is, Manchester.

Nothing much to report. I've been ferociously busy with office work, a meeting of experts on social welfare, which can be (and has been) nightmarish, as well as comical. By the way, Beverly Brunson of Kansas contacted me not long ago, and we have exchanged some letters on various matters of mutual interest, including poetry and UFOs. I am not certain that I really understand her theory. What do you make of it? She writes that she heard from Bill Turner and that he was rather encouraging, or at least inclined to take it seriously ("logical" and "possible"). In any case, it does not tax my credulity quite so much as Lifton's hollowed-out knoll with bunkers or barracks, a theory elaborated again in a 12-page affair of March 1967 which arrived in the mail tonight. Maggie tells me that Lane was in Los Angeles last Friday, en route to New Orleans where he will stay, indefinitely, it seems. Lose a Gurvich, gain a Lane.

As always,

Sylvia